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THE PASSING OF WILLIE WINKLE.

rubber-tired cab. He was assisted to his room, a weak *creme de menthe* administered, his feet plunged into a hot foot-bath, and the family doctor summoned in mad haste. He diagnosed the case carefully, looked grave, and prescribed doses of *opii camphorati* at regular intervals until the patient should sleep.

Alas, too late ! There is no need to dwell on the exquisite fluttering out of this blameless but ambitious conqueror. The fierce pursuit of an ideal and the resolute carving out of success have laid men low before in the world's history.

One of the last things Willie uttered was characteristic of "the ruling passion strong in death." "Mamma," he said, "you must let the ladies that give teas to-morrow know that I am not able to come. Otherwise they might feel hurt."

Brave, thoughtful, gentle ! Before the morrow dawned Willie Winkle had passed to a land where the tea plant does not grow.

Mrs. Winkle was almost vulgarly grieved, but set about devising a monument for Willie which would be imposing for Ramses II. The most difficult thing was for her to think out some symbolic carving which should eloquently epitomize Willie's career. A teacup overturned in a saucer would have been appropriate, but coldly bald.

Somewhat as a man after carefully studying the *menu* for ten minutes orders a sirloin steak, Mrs. Winkle's mental struggles with creative fancies culminated in a laurel wreath, and the inscription, "The world is brighter that he lived." After all, for a mortuary legend on a three-ton block of Carrara this had one unusual merit : it was true.

Farewell, Willie Winkle. To those who plumbed his shallows a melancholy luxury of regret blended with the perfume rising from their cup of tea for one whole week after he went away.

THE QUATRAIN.

The soul of wit they have not sensed
Who do not early learn
The more the sunbeam is condensed
The deeper does it burn.